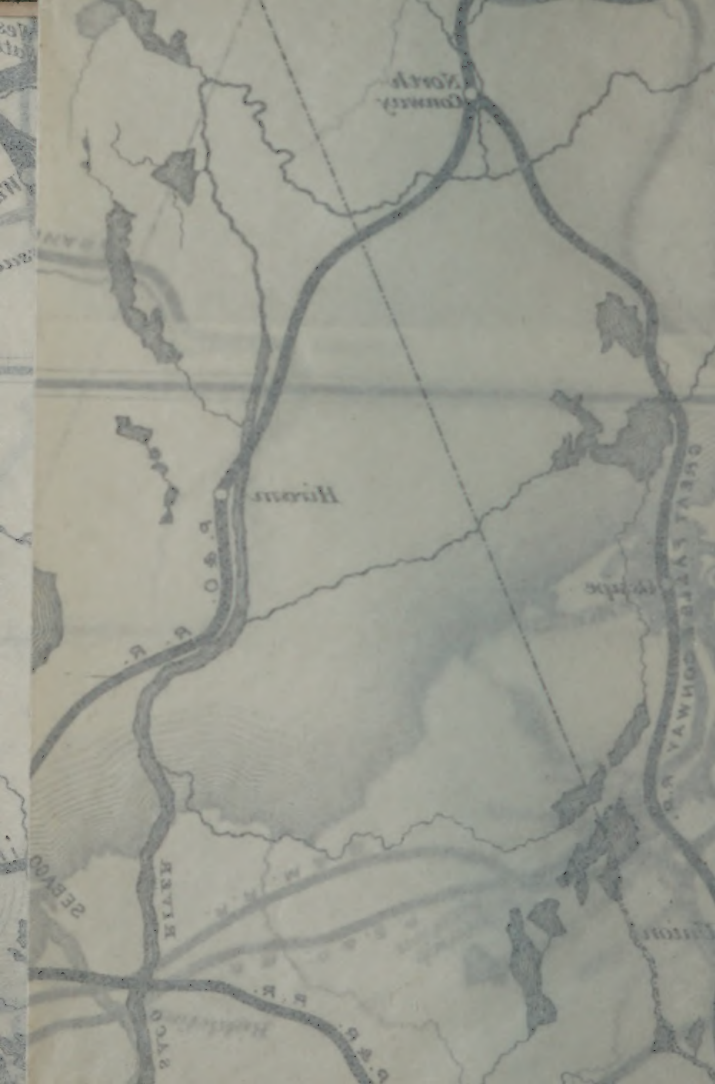
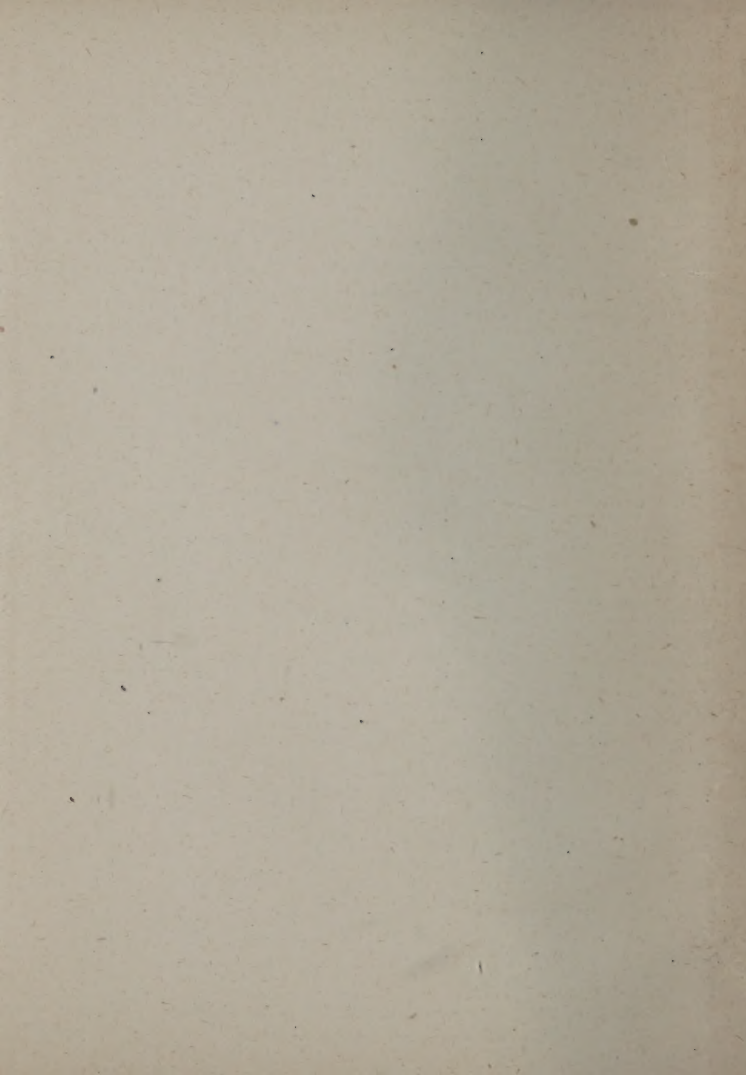




MAP OF
MAINE CENTRAL R.R.
WITH CONNECTIONS
EAST & WEST.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| MILES OWNED BY MAINE CENTRAL R.R. | 307 1/2 |
| LEASED LINES | |
| Belfast & Moosehead Lake R.R. | 33 1/2 |
| Newport & Dexter R.R. | 14 |
| TOTAL MILES OPERATED | 355 |





PICTURESQUE MAINE.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS

BY

M. F. SWEETSER.



PORTLAND:
CHISHOLM BROTHERS.

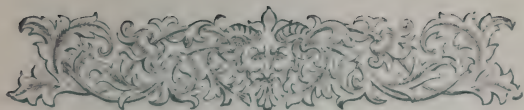
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PORTLAND.



OLD ORCHARD BEACH.



BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK.



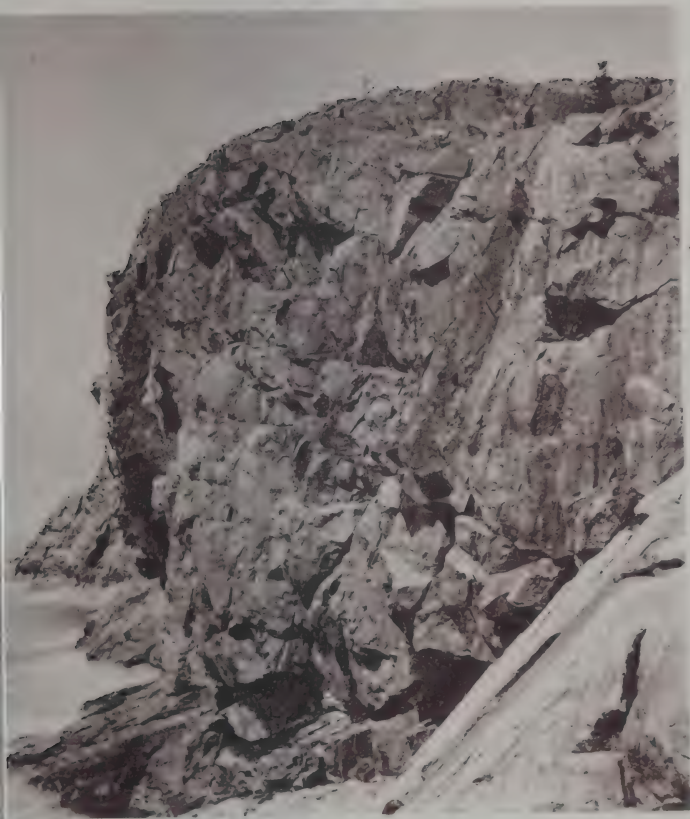
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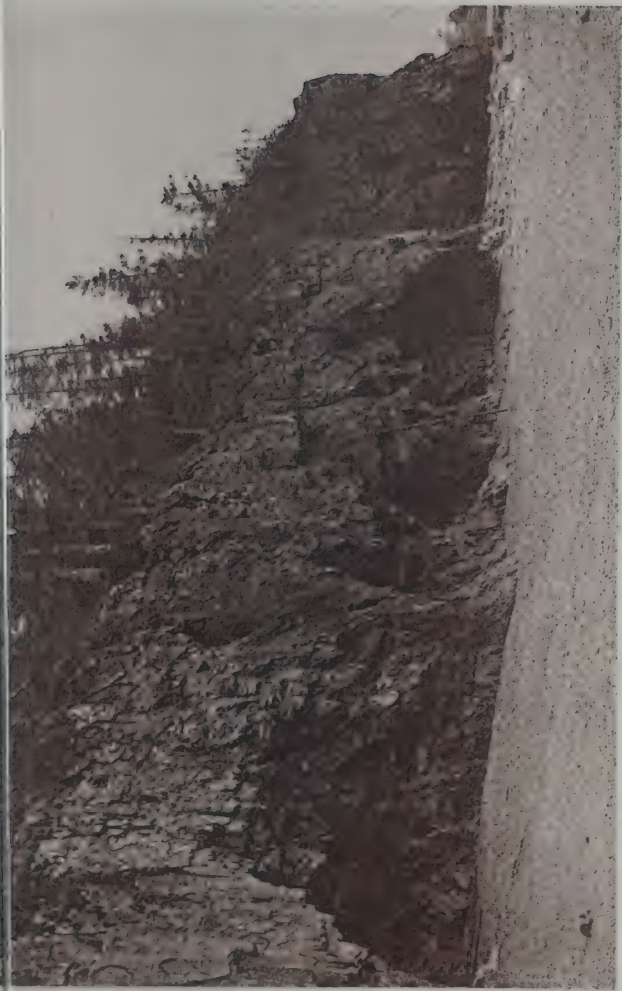
BANGOR.



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WELOKENEBACOOK HOUSE, FROM SOUTH ARM.



MOUNT KINEO, MOOSEHEAD LAKE



MOUNT KINEO, MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

PICTURESQUE MAINE.

PORTLAND.

PORTLAND is the chief city of Maine, and has more than 35,000 inhabitants, with prosperous manufactures, and a large oceanic commerce. It was founded in 1632; destroyed by the Indians in 1676; twice besieged in 1689; utterly ruined in 1690 by 500 Frenchmen and Indians, after long and bitter fighting; bombarded by four British frigates in 1775; and nearly demolished in 1866 by a fire which annihilated \$10,000,000 worth of property. It is now one of the most beautiful cities on the Atlantic coast, with a gem-like marble post-office, a modern custom-house of granite, an imposing and dome-crowned city hall of Nova-Scotia sandstone, two cathedrals, scores of fine public buildings and churches, several large hotels, and hundreds of attractive residences. From the promenades on the two hills upon which the city is


built views are afforded over the deep and well-sheltered harbor with its three formidable forts, and up the island-studded vista of Casco Bay ; while the observatory on Munjoy's Hill commands a magnificent panoramic view of the White Mountains. The stately lines of elms in the older streets have won for Portland the *sobriquet* of "The Forest City."

From no other point can such a wide variety of excursions be made as from this clean, bright, ocean-fronting city of the north. The railroads to the southward afford quick access to a dozen famous beaches ; and the Portland and Ogdensburg line runs north-west to the large and beautiful Lake Sebago in an hour, and to North Conway, the most lovely village of the White Mountains, in three hours. Farther to the north, the Grand Trunk Railway leads to the mountain-resorts of Bethel and Gorham, on its way to Canada, traversing the rural towns of ancient Oxford County. To the east and north extends the great system of routes controlled by the Maine Central Railway, under the vigilant supervision of President Jackson and Superintendent Tucker, and leading to the Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes, the bays and beaches of Eastern Maine and Mount Desert, the ports on the sea, the cities on the great rivers, and the maritime Provinces.

The routes by sea to and from Portland are many and well served, and include not only the lines to New York, Boston, and


St. John, but also several shorter trips, — to Rockland, Bangor, and Mount Desert ; through the beautiful archipelago of Casco Bay ; and among the islands of the harbor, which are dotted with summer hotels, and enriched by the choicest marine scenery.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

HE twin cities of Biddeford and Saco are at the mouth of the Saco River, the fairest of the White-Mountain streams, and exult in the possession of famous marine scenery. In the sea-front of the first is Saco Pool, with its summer hotels, from which the shore trends away to the southward, by the favorite resorts at Kennebunkport, Wells, and ancient York, to Portsmouth. Old Orchard Beach is in front of Saco, and has no superior in New England, being ten miles long, with broad and firm sands toward the surf, and rich park-scenery landward. The Boston and Maine Railroad runs along the beach not far above the high tide line, and gives easy access to the hotels, so that this locality has become the largest sea-side resort east of Hampton and Rye, and is visited by many thousands of people every summer. The Old Orchard and Ocean Houses are large and first class establishments, and

there are many smaller and less expensive hotels in the same vicinity. The marine scenery, although it lacks the grandeur and the infinite variety of Mount Desert, is very attractive, and exhibits all the phases of the mighty ocean in storm and calm, from the gently lapsing waves of quiet summer days to the wild and roaring surges which leap upon the shore during easterly gales. A few miles to the northward, beyond the hotels on Scarborough Beach, is Richmond Island, a rich tract of 200 acres, now owned by Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm. The island was settled in 1628, and speedily became one of the most important places on the coast, with an Episcopal church, and a large and lucrative shipping and fishery business. While the adjacent towns on the mainland were devastated by a century and a half of Indian wars, the now deserted island increased in wealth and peace.


BRUNSWICK

S a flourishing village which occupies the plain near the confluence of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rivers, and has an improved water-power derived from the falls in the first-named stream. It was settled in 1628, and three times utterly destroyed by the Indians and their French allies, in spite of the garrison at Fort George.

Bowdoin College, one of the most famous institutions in New England, is on an elevated plain near the railroad station, and has several handsome buildings and a valuable gallery of paintings, standing in the midst of pleasant and spacious grounds. Bowdoin was first opened in 1802; and one of its graduates, Franklin Pierce, became President of the United States. The college has a higher claim to reverence, in that Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were educated in its halls.

A few miles above Brunswick, on the banks of the Kennebec, are the quiet little cities of Gardiner and Hallowell, the one famous for its great ice-houses, and the other for valuable quarries of white granite. Bath is an ancient and interesting maritime city to the eastward of Brunswick, on the broad Kennebec. To the southward and eastward of this district a series of long peninsulas and islands run out into the sea, forming beautiful marine scenery, and replete with the romance of history. There are Harpswell and Orr's Island, made famous by one of Mrs. Stowe's best novels and a pathetic poem by Whittier; Arrowsic and Georgetown, where hundreds of settlers and Puritan soldiers were slain by the Indians; Phippsburg, where Popham's colony of St. George was founded in 1606; and venerable Pemaquid,¹ where France, England, America, and the Indians fought for two centuries.

AUGUSTA

S the capital of the State of Maine, and lies on both sides of the Kennebec River, at the head of navigation, in a situation of rare beauty, and near the great Kennebec Dam, which furnishes an immense water-power. On the hills east of the stream is the costly granite building of the State Insane Asylum; and near the river is the United-States Arsenal, with its handsome grounds. Our view was taken from the east, and shows the main part of the city, with the great dam and the bridges. The State House is an imposing edifice of white granite, on a high hill, and surmounted by a graceful and far-viewing dome. The rotunda is honored by eighty tattered banners, which were borne by the Maine regiments in the Rebellion; and contains several interesting portraits of the early governors of the State.

Augusta now has about 8,000 inhabitants, with nine churches, and several newspapers. The Maine Central Railroad crosses the Kennebec at this point on a light and graceful iron bridge. The town was settled, about the year 1650, on the lands of the Cushnoc Indians; and after its destruction, during King Philip's War, a stone fort was erected here to guard the fron-


tier. This work was not strong enough to repel the attacks, and in 1754 the complicated defences of Fort Western were built, where Benedict Arnold rested his army while advancing against Quebec in 1775. Twice destroyed by hostile hands, and fearlessly rebuilt, the fair city now rests upon its hill-top by the blue river, instinct with core-fresh life and hope, and filled with the noble vigor of the Free-Tree State, —

“Land of the forest and the flood.”

WATERVILLE.

THE Maine Central Railroad descends the pleasant valley of the Kennebec for about twenty miles from Augusta, and crosses the river at the bright village of Waterville, near the Taconic Falls. Here the railroad which passes through Lewiston and Litch is met, and the main trunk line runs off to the north-east, to Newport and Bangor. The track to Skowhegan also diverges here, and from West Waterville another line runs north to classic Nerridgeville. Waterville is charmingly situated on an undulating, alluvial plain, and derives its chief general interest from the presence of Colby University, a prosperous Baptist institution, which has several handsome buildings, including a Memorial Hall of stone.


BANGOR.

 BANGOR, the second city in Maine, is situated on the eastern bank of the noble Penobscot River, about sixty miles from the sea, and occupies the crests and slopes of several picturesque hills. It is at the head of navigation; and a network of railroad and stage routes diverges thence to all parts of Eastern Maine, making this city the trade-centre for a larger area than is supplied by any other in New England. The chief business is in the manufacture and export of lumber, billions of feet of which have been floated down the river from the northern wilderness, and shipped on the great fleets which visit the harbor. Nearly 20,000 inhabitants subsist by this industry, and by the various small manufacturing establishments which have been located here. The first settlement was founded on these hills in 1769; and in 1814 the town was captured by a British fleet, and laid under contribution.

Above Bangor the railroad follows the Penobscot River for many miles, passing a continuous succession of immense lumber-mills, with booms in the river to retain the logs from the northern lakes. Near Oldtown is an island on which dwell 400 members of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, whose ancestors

were the lords of the soil two centuries ago. Their houses are clustered about a little Roman-Catholic church; and the men are expert lumbermen and hunters, while the women make great numbers of baskets and other small articles for sale. Near Oldtown the railroad towards Moosehead Lake diverges from the route to St. John.

MOUNT DESERT.

 HERE are several routes to Mount Desert, two of which depart from Bangor, one by a daily stage through the rural towns of Hancock County, and the other by tri-weekly steamboat down the beautiful Penobscot River. But the favorite lines of travel are by way of the sea, either by the steamboats or cars from Boston to Portland, and steamboats from Portland to Rockland, Castine, and Mount Desert. The journey takes less than twelve hours, and is full of attractive features. Many tourists (perhaps a majority) prefer to avoid the risk of rough water outside by taking the train to Rockland, where a connection is made with the steamboat which touches there on its voyage eastward, or with the handsome new steamer

“Mount Desert,” which runs daily between Rockland and the island.

Nothing can be more charming than this voyage from Rockland over bright salty seas, and sheltered from the long swell of the ocean by interposing islands. The scenery of Penobscot Bay is especially beautiful, with its myriads of islands diversifying the view, the tall mountains of Camden rising on one shore, and the blue peaks of Mount Desert looming up far off to the eastward. The vessels of the hardy fishermen of hundred-harbored Maine dance merrily over the blue waters, with their white sails spread to the favoring breeze, and their decks manned by the bronzed Vikings of New England's peaceful marine service. Many a spire rises above the shoreward trees, and many a white hamlet glimmers along the rugged coast and upon the islands of the bay. The fragrance of the forest sweetly contends with the bracing air of the ocean, and the distant sounds of the farm are mingled with the lapse of waves and the cries of sea-birds. As the boat traverses this salt-water Winnetoesaukee, it now runs through narrow straits between rugged islets, and now emerges upon broad open reaches, with picturesque far-away views, or sweeps proudly by rocky and storm-beaten headlands, or approaches quaint and ancient maritime villages, off which the little fishing-vessels tug at their anchors. The arrangement of the shores and islands and the breezy sea

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seems almost rhythmic in its grace and symmetry, and gives a constantly changing kaleidoscopic effect as seen from the deck of the advancing steamer.

Here, too, the choicest romance of history dwells, adding a precious and imperishable fascination to all this wealth of natural scenery. Three centuries have passed since the monkish geographers of Europe located the mystic palaces of the great city of Norumbega upon these shores, and bade men search here for the wealth of Prester John and the Moguls. Hitherward sailed Champlain, Heurville, De Monts, and many an intrepid explorer from the Norman and Breton ports; and at last came the knightly Pyrenean soldier, the Baron de St. Castin, who married the daughter of the great chieftain Madockawambi, and for many years fought the Puritan fleets among these inlets. Loch Lomond draws its chief interest from the traditions of Rob Roy Macgregor, and Lake Lucerne is made classic by the myths of William Tell; but neither of them can show forth such a valliant and chivalrous figure as that of St. Castin, or lay claim to more weird and marvellous legends of the remote past. It is now a century since the last of the long succession of sieges and naval battles shook the bay with its tremendous cannonading, when a powerful British squadron engaged an American fleet of 19 men-of-war and 344 guns, and shattered the naval power of New England after a long battle off Castine.

The bright flag of the Republic now floats peacefully over these narrow seas, where once the *fleur-de-lys* and the red cross of St. George and the standards of the Pilgrim colony were borne on many a goodly fleet.

One of the Rockland steamers runs up nearly to the head of Penobscot Bay, threading the archipelago of Islesboro', and then crossing to Castine, a deliciously quaint old village and summer resort, with ruined French and British batteries and a modern American fort. Then the course is laid around Cape Rosier and through the narrow strait of the Eggemoggin Reach to Deer Isle, where the boat stops at a populous fishermen's village, crossing from thence to another landing in the town of Sedgwick. Far out at sea the heights of Isle au Haut appear; and on the left is Blue Hill, nearly 1,000 feet in altitude; while in front tower the bold ridges of Mount Desert. Ere long the southermost extremity of the great island is rounded, and the boat reaches the wharf at Southwest Harbor. From this point the course is laid along the south and east coasts, and up into Frenchman's Bay, with grand scenery on either side, until the village of hotels at Bar Harbor comes into view, and the end of the journey is attained.

Mount Desert is about 110 miles east of Portland, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow and shallow strait. The island contains nearly 100 square miles, and is divided

into three towns, peopled by 4,000 inhabitants. There are 13 mountain peaks, several deep fresh-water lakes, and numerous bays and well-forested cliffs; while much of the most picturesque scenery is comprised about Somes' Sound, a deep arm of the sea which runs up for seven miles between the mountains, and presents views which recall Lake George and the Highlands of the Hudson. The island was named *Monte Desert* by Champlain early in the 17th century, and soon afterward was taken possession of by a band of French Jesuits, who, as they landed, "returned thanks to God, elevating the Cross, and singing praises with the holy sacrifice of the Mass." Some years later, Argall, the governor of Virginia, attacked the mission-station in a frigate, and after a fatal cannonade captured it, and carried away the colonists to the Old Dominion. Since that time the island has been held by various French governors, and by the Massachusetts Bernards, from whose heirs it has reverted to its present owners. Of late years, and especially since the opening of the steamboat route, Mount Desert has become one of the favorite summer resorts on the New-England coast. The village of Bar Harbor, sheltered by a group of islands in Frenchman's Bay, contains nearly a score of hotels and boarding-houses, and many villas, which are visited every season by thousands of tourists.

Nowhere on the North-Atlantic coast is there such a hotel-

ing of the choicest features of scenic beauty, where the mountains and the sea compete in grandeur, and their charms are heightened by noble fiords, crystalline and secluded lakes, abounding in trout, and imposing lines and headlands of rugged cliffs. Infinite variety appears on every side, and there is hardly a phase of nature that is not exemplified in this fair microcosm. Within an hour one can pass from secluded and silent mountain-tarns and shadowy and windless glens, recalling the Adirondacks, to broad and rocky strands, along which the white breakers dash with deep and ceaseless music. The roads leading inland from Bar Harbor soon reach Eagle Lake, the mountain-walled gem of the island, where Church used to dream of art and beauty ; or Somesville, at the head of the great Sound, and among the central peaks ; or the hotel-crowned summit of Green Mountain, the highest point on the Atlantic coast north of the Caribbean Sea, with its magnificent view over the ocean, the adjacent island-studded bays, and the blue peaks of eastern Maine. Space fails us to even mention the mountains and ponds, the passes and ravines, which await exploration on the westward, or to quote the eloquent words of Da Costa, Mrs. Martin, and Whittier, describing the manifold scenic and historic attractions of this mighty abutment of New England.

SCHOONER HEAD

Is a rocky promontory projecting from the eastern shore into Frenchman's Bay, near the foot of Newport Mountain, and four miles south of Bar Harbor. On the seaward front is a white formation which resembles a schooner under sail; and there is a tradition that a British frigate ran in here, during the war of 1812, on a foggy day, and opened a hot cannonade on what was supposed to be a Yankee coasting-vessel. The Spouting Horn opens on the crest of the cliff; and, under certain favoring circumstances of wind and tide, the white waves are driven under the rocky point, and shoot upward through this cleft, far over the tops of the trees, with a grand and ominous roaring. Just across the cove to the south is the wonderful grotto called Anemone Cave, where each receding tide leaves a new museum of strange creatures of the sea, among the delicate and richly-colored rock-weeds and mosses, and the flowers of Neptune's realm.

GREAT HEAD

Is less than two miles beyond Schooner Head, and confronts the dashing and roaring surf with an immense barrier of firm-

based rock, against which the utmost efforts of the ocean are as futile as the sweep of the mountain-winds upon Monadnock. As the Rambler emerges from the woods, upon the top of the ledges, a glorious panorama of the ocean breaks upon the sight, while other senses are saluted by the salty and bracing air, and the tremendous roaring of the surf below. On the landward side are the mountains, among whose defiles the red deer still lurk, and the bald eagles build their lofty nests.

THE OVENS

Are about six miles north of Bar Harbor by a picturesque road which runs near the shore of the bay, and passes through the hamlet of Hull's Cove. They are a group of caverns which the sea has worn in the base of a line of porphyritic cliffs, and may be approached by boat at high-tide (like the Blue Grotto at Capri), or on foot, across a smooth pebbly beach, when the water is out. Over these rude Gothic arches the forest-trees lift their evergreen spires, often whitened by the salty spray, and heedless of the mighty power which is undermining their ponderous foundations.

Of what the nature-loving summer visitor may discover upon and about this eastern Atlantis of Mount Desert, the tenth, the

hundredth part, cannot be told. The mountaineer, the trout-fisher, the yachtsman, the artist, the historian, the dreamer, all can find that which suits their tastes, in spite of the dog-day fogs and the simple fare of the island-hotels. The cool and bracing air of the North overflows this land of rocky heights and resounding shores, and stimulates even the *jeunesse dorée* to active and emulous exertion, to invigorate the most languid step, and brighten the dullest eye. Year by year increases the great current of travel which sets towards these marine highlands, and improves the conveniences for the journey and the sojourn. As one of the most gifted and enthusiastic of the lovers of Mount Desert has said, to come hither is "to find in one the Isles of Shoals and Wachusett, or Nahant and Monadnock, Newport and the Catskills."

Or again, in yet sweeter accents, let Whittier, the poet of New England, describe the view from Green Mountain : —


"Far eastward o'er the lovely bay
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay.
Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie, —
Gems of the waters! with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
There sleeps Placentia's group; and there
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;

And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,
Half trembling, as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's cross and book.
There, gloomily against the sky,
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean-kings of old;
And faint as smoke-wreath white and thin
Swells in the north vast Katahdin;
And wandering from its marshy feet
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with its own bright bay."

Eastward from Frenchman's Bay the marvellous Maine coast stretches away for many leagues to the mouth of the Bay of Fundy and the borders of the maritime Provinces, fringed by scores of silent promontories and hundreds of islands, and penetrated by deep and navigable fiords. Beyond the Machias shores the easternmost point of the United States makes out, at Lubec, fronting the stupendous purple cliffs of Grand Menan,


and partly enclosing the beautiful nooks and island-passages of Passamaquoddy Bay. On these waters are the remote villages of Eastport and Calais, with their New-Brunswick sister-towns, and the homes of a few hundred of the aborigines. The new railroad systems here encountered afford facilities to visit the bright and diversified Schoodic Lakes, stretching away in a long chain through the rural townships of Washington County. There Indian guides lead to the best of fishing and the haunts of the famous land-locked salmon, shattering the exquisite crystal of the lakes with the paddles of their bark canoes.

LEWISTON.

EWISTON is a modern city, of about 13,000 inhabitants, with several large cotton and woollen mills on the water power afforded by the high falls in the Androscoggin River, which is carried to its points of service by a canal, the most prominent object in our picture. The falls may be seen from the bridge which unites Lewiston with the flourishing shoe-manufacturing town of Auburn, and are very picturesque after long rains above. The civic pride of Lewis-

ton has flowered in a large and handsome City Hall, which fronts on the Park, near the chief hotel of the place, and is adorned with a high Gothic tower. In the environs of Lewiston is the famous Bates College, a flourishing institution connected with the Free-will Baptist Church, and occupying several commodious modern buildings. Through the diversified plain on which the two cities stand rolls the bright Androscoggin, the outlet of the Rangeley Lakes and Lake Umbagog, many leagues to the north-east. After flowing downward through New Hampshire, hard by the bases of the White Mountains, the stream winds sinuously through Western Maine with many a noble fall and through a long curve of forest-townships, where civilization as yet advances with slow and hesitating steps. In this rarely visited region are the Rumford Falls, where the Androscoggin River leaps downward for over 150 feet, in three or four grand plunges, with a roaring which is audible for miles through the country-side.

THE RANGELEY LAKES.

HE Rangeley Lakes form a long line of reservoirs for the Androscoggin River, in the north-western part of Maine, and are nearly surrounded by the wilderness, being beyond the lines of townships which have become important enough to have names. There is fine hunting here during the proper season; for the lordly moose still lingers about the shores, and the lesser game of the New-England woods increases and multiplies in the vicinity. But the great attraction of the region is its trout-fishing, which is enjoyed by hundreds of gentlemen every summer; and the trout that abound in these waters are among the largest and most spirited of their race. At various points along the shores are "camps," consisting of comfortable wooden buildings, where the sportsmen dwell during the summer; and small hotels, in which family parties are well accommodated. Scares of boats are kept in readiness for their use; and there are many compe-

tent and skilful guides to pilot the visitors to the best fishing-grounds. The air is cool and clear, even in the dog-days ; for the lakes are about 1,500 feet above the sea, and several groups of lofty mountains rise in the vicinity. The water-area of the six lakes covers 77 square miles, and the highest of them is 1,511 feet above the sea. The spotted trout which have made the locality so famous are held by Professor Agassiz to be of the same species as the ordinary brook-trout, although they often attain to the weight of eight pounds or more.

The eastern route into this region is over the Maine Central Railroad from Portland to Farmington,—a ride of about five hours through the rural towns of Cumberland County, and up the Androscoggin Valley by Lewiston and Leeds. The scenery is quiet and peaceful, and most of the line lies through a prosperous and thickly settled farming country. Leeds was the birthplace of Gen. O. O. Howard, “the American Havelock ;” and the famous Washburne family was cradled at Livermore.

FARMINGTON

Is the rural metropolis of this region, and occupies an elevated site over the Sandy-river Valley, giving pleasant views even from its streets. Long lines of trees overarch the sidewalks,

and attest to the antiquity of the settlement and the good taste of the people. The buildings of the Western State Normal School are near the centre, and two other well-known schools show that education is well considered at this outpost of civilization; while a half dozen churches stand as witnesses for the faith of the nation: yet these powerful agencies have not sufficed to bring unbroken peace into the Arcadia of the Sandy-river Valley; and hard by stand the grim county buildings in which the cause of law and order is maintained throughout Franklin County. Our picture shows the railroad bridge over Sandy River, the broad intervalles beyond, and the white village peeping from its umbrageous shelter.

On the fair intervalles of the Sandy the ancient Canibas Indians had their grain-fields and wigwams for many years. In 1776, the year of the birth of the Republic, the first white settlers entered the region, and built their log huts along the valley, availing themselves of the improvements which had been abandoned by their red brethren, and laying the foundations of the fair village of to-day. There is also a certain literary interest attaching to this locality; for in a picturesque little house near by lived Jacob Abbott while he wrote the famous "Rollo" books, which for many years stood alongside "Robinson Crusoe" in every boy's library. The estate is now occupied by the Little Blue School for boys, and includes beautiful ponds and groves,

and other attractive bits of scenery, amid which Young America finds abundant enjoyment.

The route from Farmington to the lakes leads through a very picturesque farming region to Phillips, eighteen miles distant. Several noble mountains are visible from the road, which follows the fair valley of Sandy River, and traverses several quaint little hamlets among the hills.

Phillips has of late years attained some prominence as a summer resort, and has a large and comfortable inn. The village is pleasant, and is surrounded by tall and famous mountains, — Saddleback, Abraham, and Blue, — from whose summits glorious views may be obtained, extending even to the stately group of the White Mountains. Katahdin is the only peak in Maine which rises higher than these venerable guardians of the Sandy-river Valley. Ninety years have passed since the pioneers took possession of this valley, and erected the first rude houses by the stream.

RANGELEY LAKE.

Every morning, during the season, stages leave Phillips, and run westward over a picturesque road, through Madrid, and out

to Greenville, eighteen miles from the starting point: passing the chain of ponds in which Sandy River rises, and Long Pond, the source of the Androscoggin. Greenville is composed of a snug hotel and a steamboat wharf, and its reason for being is the neighborhood of several trout abounding ponds and streams. Two or three miles down the lake (and at the end of the stage-route) is the hamlet of Rangeley City, with its large new hotel and saw-mills; and near the outlet is the famous Indian Rock, with comfortable and hospitable camps for the sportsmen of the Oquossuc Angling Association, a New-York association which has \$20,000 worth of property here. Much of the northern shore is cleared, and on these sequestered fields a famous breed of horses is raised, which have a high reputation at the races and fairs of lowland Maine. Perhaps this singular fact is in some way connected with the tastes of one of the first settlers of the region, who was a sturdy English gentleman, by the name of Rangeley. He bought this entire tract of land about the year 1820, and ruled it with a mild feudal sway for fifteen years, after which he moved to a still more sequestered domain in North Carolina, leaving, indeed, in a most satisfactory way, the shadow of a great name. The pioneer settler here was Deacon Hoar of Leominster, Mass., who advanced into the wilderness four days' march from Phillips, with his wife and five children on foot, and two babies

on the hand-sled which carried all the family goods and furniture. This heroic journey took place in the year 1816.

The Mountain-View House is near the end of the road from Phillips and Rangeley, at the western end of Rangeley Lake, and close to Indian Rock and Camp Kennebago. Across the bright water looms the long slope of Bald Mountain; and along the shores to the eastward are many sequestered coves and silent bays, the homes of myriads of trout.

KENNEBAGO LAKE

Lies to the north of Rangeley Lake, fourteen miles in the wilderness, and is reached by a narrow path, over which wagons cannot pass. It is about five miles long, and in the widest part is but a mile and a half across, with sandy beaches on the shores, and noble ranges of mountains beyond, walling in the peaceful valley. One circumstance has preserved this lake in an aspect of greater beauty than is possessed by any of its sisters of the Rangeley chain. No dam has yet been raised at its outlet, and hence the luxuriant forests on the shores have escaped the poisonous soaking of back-water, which has so seriously damaged the trees by the larger lakes. In Kennebago and the adjacent streams and ponds, trout abound in great

numbers, and scores of citizens come hither in the summer season to lure them from their crystalline retreats. To accommodate these sportsmen, Snowman's Camp and Crosby's Camp have been built on points which overlook the tranquil lake and the blue Kennebago Mountains.

Still farther to the northward are the lonely and sequestered Seven Ponds, near the Canada line, and separated by a range of hills from the mournful valley of Dead River, up which Arnold advanced, more than a hundred years ago, leading an American army northward to dash itself in pieces on the impregnable walls of Quebec.

From Camp Kennebago, below the dam, the Rangeley Outlet is a swift and navigable stream, and soon enters the deeper waters of Cupsuptic Lake, a famous place for fishing and hunting. It is five miles to the head of the lake, and the Cupsuptic River may be ascended for five miles farther. The broad waters are parted by two bold islands, around which the ripples break in long and silvery lines.

The little steamboat *Oquossuc* plies on Lakes Mooselucmaguntic and Cupsuptic during the season, running from Indian Rock to Upper Dam, and other points on the shores.

LAKE MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC

Is usually spoken of as "the great lake ;" but, since its water-area is but a trifle larger than those of its sisters, we may infer that the distinguishing adjective alludes to its preternatural name. The lake is about twelve miles long, with a width of six miles, and contains many islands, whose names are to the last degree unattractive, whatever other attractions they may possess. After passing through the short and navigable strait which leads southward from Cupsuptic, the broad lake opens away in the front, with a wide archipelago apparent on the west, and the rugged heights of Bald Mountain on the east, towering over Bugle Cove. On a high rock over the Cove is Allerton Lodge, a neat fishing-camp owned by a New-York gentleman, and commanding a view of great beauty, which includes two leagues of open lake, with the blue peak of Mount Azischohos towering in the remote distance. From the piazza of this house the negative of our picture was taken. At the south end of Mooselucmaguntic is the sequestered Bema Bay, with its beaches and islands and mountain-guards, and a sportsman's camp. Several other lodges and camps are seen along the shores, with sail-boats at anchor in the coves, and the swift Indian-Rock boats drawn up on the shore.

THE UPPER DAM

(Of which we give a picture) is a ponderous and costly structure of rock, timber, and iron, fifteen hundred feet long, by which the waters of the upper lakes are retained in the spring-time, preliminary to the descent of the logs down the Andros-coggin. In the vicinity are several buildings used by the lumbermen, a post-office, and one or two sportsmen's camps. It is nearly in the centre of the Rangeley country, and crosses the strait between Moosehmaguntic and Molochunkamunk Lakes, with beautiful scenery on either side. This great structure, together with the other dams and their appurtenances, belongs to the water-power companies of Lewiston, and serves to store up the latent forces of these northern lakes for the use of the great factories many leagues down the Andros-coggin Valley. The dams and their rights were purchased from the original owners in 1877 for \$350,000.

Excursions are made from this point around either of the large adjacent lakes, with their numerous camps, coves, and picturesque islands. To the northward are the beautiful island-studded Richardson Ponds, where scores of deer still haunt the forests, and are hunted at night in torch-bearing hunts. A few miles distant is the stately peak of lone Anisodias, giving a

bird's-eye view of the lake-country, and including even the White Mountains and the Magalloway region in the circle of vision.

LAKE MOLECHUNKAMUNK.

Who can forget Theodore Winthrop's charming *persiflage* about this bewildering name? And the joyous and heroic youth (whose martyrdom for freedom was then approaching so surely and so near) laughingly adds, "She may not be numbered among the great beauties of the world: nevertheless she is an attractive squaw, — a very honest bit of flat-faced prettiness in the wilderness." The characterization is very good; for this and the sister lakes have neither the fascinating beauty of the tarns in the Franconia Notch, nor the scenic magnificence of Squam and Winnepesaukee. Their charms consist in their wilderness-surroundings, in the primitive modes of living here enforced, and in the rare sport afforded by their finny inhabitants, the gamesome *salmo fontinalis*. The camps along the shores of Molechunkamunk bear witness to the attractions which this region has for the sportsman; and the old guides who winter here tell many an exciting story about the moose that haunt the sandy beaches, and cross on the thick ice.

The two lakes, Welokenebacook and Molechunkamunk, are

connected by a rocky strait, two miles long, called the Narrows, between desolate and uninhabited shores.

LAKE WELOKENEBA COOK

Is about six miles long, with a width of two miles and over, and contains several pretty little islands. It is in some respects the most beautiful of all these inland waters, as a lake should be which has such a deliciously long and indubitably aboriginal title. From the upper reaches, indeed, the view opens away to the southward with rare beauty, and is fitly terminated by the proud peak of Mount Washington, far down in New Hampshire. The lake may well command a wide prospect, for it is 1,456 feet above the level of the sea. The picture we present is made from the South Arm, looking northward.

A favorite route to the lower lakes leads from Bryant's Pond to Andover, and thence to the South Arm of Welokenebacook Lake, by stage.

A neat little steamboat leaves the Middle Dam every morning for the Upper Dam and head of Molechunkannunk; then returns *via* Upper Dam to Middle Dam; and from there continues on to the South Arm, arriving at noon. At one p.m. the boat starts on her return trip, running the entire length of the two

lakes, arriving at the head of Molechunkamunk at three o'clock ; then returns *viâ* Upper Dam to the Middle Dam, where she remains over night. Here connection is made with steamer *Diamond* on Lake Umbagog.

The Middle Dam is at the outlet of Lakes Welokenebacook and Molechunkamunk, and at the head of the bright and beautiful Rapid River. Several sportsmen's camps have been built in the vicinity ; and here the citizen exchanges his broad-cloth for flannel, his cane for a trouting-rod, and his dyspeptic dis gusts for a keen and ravenous zest, nurtured by the pure air of the highlands.

LAKE UMBAGOG

Is the lowest and most westerly of the chain of lakes, and part of its area lies in New Hampshire. About a mile down its outlet the Magalloway River comes in, flowing from the remote northern fastnesses of Parmachene Lake, amid wild and primeval scenery, where the best of hunting and fishing is found by a few venturesome sportsmen. The sail on Lake Umbagog is very enjoyable, since the great mountains of Northern New England are seen on all sides, from the dim crest of Mount Washington, far away in the south, to the nearer peaks which overlook the Canadian frontier. Beautiful islands rise above

the dark waters ; deep coves recede on either side ; and bold promontories advance nearly across the lake. After running northward for almost the entire length of brown Umbagog, the wheezy little steamer turns to the eastward, and crosses the invisible border of Maine, soon after which it reaches the point where begins the road to Lake Welokenbacook, twelve miles from the beginning of the voyage.

Stages leave Bethel daily, traversing the highly picturesque Grafton Notch, and connecting with the steamer *Diamond*, which traverses Lake Umbagog, and leaves passengers at the portage of five miles, over which carriages run to Middle Dam.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.



THE old route to the lake followed the Dexter Division of the Maine Central Railway from Newport station to Dexter, a bright New-England village with several churches and a group of busy factories. From that point stages ran northward thirty-five miles to the foot of the lake.

The new route is longer, but less tiresome and dilatory, and follows the Maine Central line to Bangor, and thence ascends the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad to Blanchard, sixty-one miles distant, and only twelve miles by stage-route from the foot of Moosehead Lake.

The pretty little steamboats which navigate this forest-bound sea leave the last vestiges of organized civilization behind when they move out from the bay of Greenville, and soon enter a region of wildness and solitude, with many a wooded island on every side, and bold highlands, untracked by human feet, rising on either shore, and overlooked by still more distant blue peaks.

If the air is clear, the desolate crest of Mount Katahdin may be seen, far away in the north-east, keeping solitary vigil over the vast wilderness which stretches toward the Aroostook country and the St. John Valley. After the steamer has traversed the straits between Deer Island and Sugar Island, Spencer Bay is seen opening away on the right, with the tremendous mass of Spencer Mountain looming up at its end; and on the left is the wide bay at whose head the Kennebec River flows out of the lake to seek the sea in a long and stately march by many a classic town and ancient city. Here the great river is born, in this magnificent mountain-walled lake, which is over a thousand feet above the sea, and has a length of thirty-five miles, with a width of from four to twelve miles. To the northward extends the unbroken wilderness, even to the shores of the St. Lawrence and the quaint old Norman-French villages about Rivière du Loup, one hundred and fifty miles away.

The Mount-Kineo House is at the end of the steamboat-voyage, about half-way up the lake, on a singular peninsula, which runs out from the eastern shore to within a mile of the western side. This Windsor of the wilderness is an attractive and well-managed hotel, mostly of recent construction, and provided with the usual equipments for billiards, bowling, croquet, and other light amusements, with all manner of boats and canoes wherein to explore the upper lake, or the lonely waters

of Lilly Bay, or the sequestered coves on the eastward. There are a score of practised guides here and at Greenville who are ready to lead the traveller to the haunts of the trout and the deer, or even to pilot the way to the waters of the upper Penobscot and the silent shores of remote Chesuncook. The lake almost surrounds the little terrace on which the hotel is built, and glorious views appear on every side, wherein the bright waters are combined with tufted islets, picturesque mountains, and long lines of dark and stately primeval forests. Very near the house is Mount Kineo, a vast pile of purple hornblende, whose cliffs reach a height of seven hundred feet above the lake, and descend to an immense depth beneath its clear waters. The ascent is not difficult, and is repaid by a most charming view, including Spencer and Squaw Mountains, the stately crest of Katahdin, and the blue spires of the Kennebec peaks, with a bird's-eye prospect of the lake below, and the hotel.

The season lasts from early July (when the black flies leave) until October; and through all this period the air is pure and sweet and cool, filled with the delicious tonic of the woods, and stimulating to many glad activities. Hundreds of urban families from Boston, New York, and other cities farther south and west, then seek this sequestered resort, and gain new life from the rich invigoration of Mother Nature.

The immense area of the Maine woods stretches away on every side, broad enough to cover the territories of several States, and absolutely uninvaded by the advance of civilization, which recoils from these shadowy leagues, and hardly holds the ground already occupied. Centuries hence this region may still remain in its primitive estate, the Black Forest of the Atlantic slope, surrounded by a wide circumference of thinly settled towns and plantations. Here the great northern rivers are born. — the Kennebec, Penobscot, Aroostook, and St. John, — amid deep sylvan solitudes, where the moose and the bear still roam, and the silence is broken only by the sound of the lumberman's axe and the crack of the hunter's rifle. Innumerable lakes stud this land of wildwoods, making it appear like a more umbrageous Minnesota, and affording grand plazas in the water-routes by which the Indian rangers pass northward to Canada. The streams are bright and crystalline, abounding in fish, and supplied from hundreds of cold blue lakes, many of which have never been visited, even by the most enterprising explorers, though the hardy lumbermen have traversed all the main water-courses, and robbed them of their only beauties of over-arching trees. Theodore Winthrop, the knightly scholar, who afterwards gave his life for his country on the battle-field, recorded his rambles in this wilderness in "*Life in the Open Air*;" and Thoreau has left us an admirable book on the

"Maine Woods." On the west the Jean-Baptists of French Lower Canada are now slowly advancing up the Chaudière Valley ; and on the east a multitude of pioneers are founding new communities in the rich and arable Aroostook country. But the attack is made by conservative races, and a century may pass ere the plough enters the upper Allagash Valley, in the heart of the great forest.

